

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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It was a fine thing for the Royal S. P. C. A. (England) to do to send a Veterinary Unit, the "Silver Star," to Addis Ababa toward the close of the war. The Unit has been highly commended for its splendid service.

Coastal waters polluted with waste-oil from oil-burning ships still mean a pitiful and lingering death to thousands of our sea birds. The legislative bodies of the maritime powers could stop this appalling evil if they wanted to. They have all been told about it.

Is it strange that some have wondered if the cruelties and brutalities associated with the popular pastime of bull-fighting have made the average Spaniard less sensitive to such atrocities as those that have characterized the present civil strife? Cruelty to animals, practiced, or witnessed without protest, inevitably deadens every finer human characteristic.

In Wisconsin last November 255 arrests were made, and in December 296 for violation of the conservation laws. These violations were largely of the hunting laws. In many of the states the violations were doubtless many times greater. Then who can estimate the hunting law breakers who were never caught? We should be grateful for any of our wild life still left us.

Many letters come to us asking if the humane societies of the land cannot do something to stop the cruelties to which animals are so often subjected in the making of moving pictures. Our answer is that for years our own Society and every other leading S. P. C. A. have been protesting against these cruelties. Arrangements are now being made, we understand, whereby officers of one or more of the California Societies are to be permitted to be present whenever pictures are being filmed in which animals are used.

The Education That is Needed

HUMANE education is as wide as human life. It means fair play, the spirit of brotherhood between man and man, no less than that treatment of all animal life which springs from the highest sense of justice and kindness.

The measure of men and nations is rapidly being taken beside the standard which demands that character shall be as gentle as it is strong, as mighty to love as it is powerful to think and do.

Cruelty, like a hundred other evil things, is the child of darkness nourished by the foster-mother ignorance. The night disappears when the day arrives. We accept the words of Victor Hugo: "The true human division is this, the luminous and the shady. To diminish the number of the shady and increase that of the luminous, that is the object. That is why we cry—'Education! Knowledge!' To learn to read is to light the fire; every syllable spelled out is a spark." This is as true in the moral world as in the intellectual.

Cruelty, indifference to the claims of man or beast, strikes back upon the cruel and the indifferent. The destruction of our birds is costing us the appalling loss of something like eight hundred millions annually. From every point of view humane education demands our attention.

When the principles of this education are masters of the souls of men, the day of violence, strife, class hatred, race prejudice, and war, is done, and governments and social institutions will have been established on foundations that will abide. No more sacred trust is committed to the parents of today and to the teachers in our public schools than this. When the fair fruitage of this work issues in that better day that is before us, to them, more than to any others, will be due the golden crown of praise.

The Moving Pictures and Cruelty

IN the August issue of *Our Dumb Animals* we told the story, as it came to us from California, of the cruelties which occurred in the filming of Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." In that story, as we received it from what we had every reason to believe was a wholly trustworthy source, it was stated that two men were arrested and fined for cruelty and that it was found that between three and four hundred horses were being used, and that the majority of them were to die or be seriously wounded in the "Pit Falls" and by the device known as the Running W, a wire by which the horses could be thrown.

This story, widely circulated throughout the country by the newspaper publicity given it, aroused a storm of protest which sent a flood of letters pouring into the headquarters of the offices of the Warner Bros., the makers of the film.

The moving picture companies have learned that there is a limit in their treatment of animals beyond which they cannot go without incurring a practically nation-wide condemnation. It is not enough, it seems to us, that Mr. J. L. Warner assures us that he knew nothing of the cruelties that were to be inflicted in the rehearsals for this picture. We should rather think it was part of his business to know what was involved in reproducing such a tragic historical event.

We print the following statement made, under date of June 23, by Mr. Warner to the San Francisco S. P. C. A.—

"Please allow me to first advise you that I had no personal knowledge whatsoever regarding the subject-matter of your investigation, nor did I know that the persons in charge of our location unit were committing any acts contrary to the aims and purposes of your Society.

"After reviewing the entire situation with Mr. Obringer, I desire to reiterate his assurances to you that the acts complained of will never be committed either by this company or any of its agents or employees. Also, may I advise you that I have personally and severely criticized all persons involved in the unfortunate incident which occurred and that the particular scene which resulted in the necessity of the above referred to conference will not be used by us in connection with the photoplay when it is finally released for public showing.

"Likewise, may I assure you that in the event of any efforts on the part of your Society to legislate with respect to the subject matter of your recent complaint I shall be only too happy to do whatever I personally can do to assist and co-operate with you in such undertaking."

One can but hope that out of the publicity given this sad story of the coining of animal suffering into financial profit the future of other animals used in the moving picture films will be a happier one.

The American Humane Association is planning, we understand, some form of agreement with the moving picture industry whereby it is hoped the cruel treatment of animals may have no place in the making of future films.

Moose Hunting in the Days of Thoreau

THIS hunting of the moose merely for the satisfaction of killing him, not even for the sake of his hide,—without making any extraordinary exertion or running any risk yourself, is too much like going out by night to some wood-side pasture and shooting your neighbor's horses, writes Henry D. Thoreau in "The Maine Woods." These are God's own horses, poor, timid creatures, that will run fast enough as soon as they smell you, though they are nine feet high. Joe told us of some hunters who a year or two before had shot down several oxen by night, somewhere in the Maine woods, mistaking them for moose. And so might any of the hunters; and what is the difference in the sport, but the name? In the former case, having killed one of God's and your own oxen, you strip off its hide,—because that is the common trophy, and, moreover, you have heard that it may be sold for moccasins,—cut a steak from its haunches, and leave the huge carcass to smell to heaven for you. It is no better, at least, than to assist at a slaughter-house.

This afternoon's experience suggested to me how base or coarse are the motives which commonly carry men into the wilderness. The explorers and lumberers generally are all hirelings, paid so much a day for their labor, and as such they have no more love for wild nature than wood-sawyers have for forests. Other white men and Indians who come here are for the most part hunters, whose object is to slay as many moose and other wild animals as possible. But, pray, could not one spend some weeks or years in the solitude of this vast wilderness with other employments than these—employments perfectly sweet and innocent and ennobling? For one that comes



RECENTLY LEGISLATED FROM NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA, THE "ROADSIDE ZOO," WITH ITS CRUEL CONFINEMENT, PERSISTS IN MASSACHUSETTS DESPITE REPEATED EFFORTS BY THE S. P. C. A. TO PREVENT IT

with a pencil to sketch or sing, a thousand come with an axe or rifle. I already, and for weeks afterward, felt my nature the coarser for this part of my woodland experience, and was reminded that our life should be lived as tenderly and daintily as one would pluck a flower.

Why Charlie Quit

FOR twelve years a man in California had been a trapper. Now he is through and has pulled up his trap lines to prove it, says *Nature Magazine*. The following story tells why he decided to quit:

Charlie was making his rounds and as he approached a coyote trap he heard moans. Creeping through the brush he discovered a cinnamon bear cub, its forefoot fast in the trap. The mother bear was nursing the youngster and another cub was looking on much puzzled. Charlie's first impulse was to free the cub, but a mad mother bear promised to be too much for one trapper with a pistol. Besides, he wanted to free the cub, not injure the family. The only way he could see was to put the cub out of its misery, so he went for his rifle and finally did what he felt was best. Rearing on her heels at the sound of the shot, the mother bear, growling in anger, circled about trying to find the attacker. Charlie crawled away and took to his heels.

"I'm through with traps," he declared. "The mother's moans when I shot the cub were too human. I'm done, boys; that made me sick."

• • •

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Fall

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*Fall is a gay time,
Frost is in the air;
(Frightened wild creatures
Are hunted everywhere.)*

*Fall is a bright time,
Leaves are yellow, red;
(Hidden in the hills
A wounded deer bled.)*

*Fall is a good time
To wear a warm wrap;
(A little red fox
Died in a trap.)*

JACK LONDON SAID:

"Let all humans inform themselves of the inevitable and eternal cruelty by the means of which only can animals be compelled to perform before revenue-paying audiences. Show the management that such turns are unpopular, and in a day, in an instant, the management will cease catering such turns to its audiences."

Do you know that since 1918, when the Jack London Club was started by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 674,851 persons in this country have joined as a protest against this form of cruelty? Send your name and address today for full information to The Jack London Club, 180 Longwood Ave.

"Come Unto Me"

BUENA SOWELL

*You introduce your gracious song,
O, dainty wood thrush, on the tree,
With flute-like notes which seem to say
In liquid strains, "Come unto Me."*

*Once in the days of long ago
"Come unto Me," the Master said;
I wonder if your forebears heard
In near-by treetops overhead.*

The Elephant Switchman

L. E. EUBANKS

In India there is a very large lumber company that has diminutive locomotives to pull trains of logs along its narrow-gauge railway to its mills. The logs are brought in from three different directions and the three lines converge into the main line. At the point of convergence there is a switch directing the wheels of the train on to the main line. An elephant is employed at this switch as the switchman.

His work is so reliable that he requires no direction from man. Each of the different lines converging into the main line is designated by a disc of a different color from the others, but of the same size. One is white, one is black, and one is red. The switch has three positions, and these positions are designated by discs of corresponding colors.

When the elephant sees the locomotive coming down the main line, he throws the switch to correspond with the disc on the engine and the train travels over the track intended for it. According to eye-witnesses, the elephant is so delighted when the train passes him that he often throws up his trunk and makes a tremendous noise as if for sheer joy of accomplishment.

It is not too soon to begin plans for Humane Sunday, April 11, and Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12—17, 1937.



VESPER SPARROW AT NEST FEEDING HER YOUNG

The Useful Vesper Sparrow

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photograph by the Author

MOST bird students, I suspect, have favorites among birds—birds that have endeared themselves to them in various ways: by their songs, unobtrusive ways, charming dress, confiding character and neighborly habits. One of my favorites is the vesper sparrow. I prize this bird because it is a sweet singer, is always much in evidence but never bold, noisy or troublesome, is very useful and has always been a near neighbor of ours.

Early in April, upon first going outside in the morning, I hear a lovely bird song coming from across the fields. The song consists of runs and trills interspersed with "chees" and whistled notes. The first notes are louder and uttered more slowly than the latter ones. I at once recognize this as being the song of the vesper sparrow, a song hard to describe but of such a nature that it at once enables you to identify its author correctly, provided you have previously heard it and have it well in mind.

Usually I at once take a walk in the direction from which the notes seem to come, and, as a rule, have little trouble discovering the songster. Were I to point it out to you, you would at once tell me it is a sparrow of some kind, for it is dressed in a typical sparrow's suit of gray and brown. As likely as not, I find it perched on a post, the top of a tall weed, or one of the lower branches of a tree. I watch it and take notice that it raises its head as it sings its inspiring song. The mandibles move rapidly and the throat pulsates as the notes are uttered. The song over, the bird lowers its head, looks about, preens its feathers, and then sings again.

But aside from its song, how do I know the bird is a vesper sparrow? In the first place I notice that its throat, breast and

sides are streaked. Secondly, by looking at it closely with a field glass, I see that its shoulders are reddish, which has given it the name bay-winged bunting. More important, I find that it has white outer tail feathers—the field-mark of identification.

There is but one other sparrow that has that white along the sides of the tail—the lark sparrow—with which it may be confused. However, the lark sparrow has several white-tipped tail feathers just inside the outer ones. Its tail, when spread, as it frequently is when the bird is alarmed, courting or flying, looks like a tiny fan with a pretty white border. The lark sparrow also has a brown crown, brown patches over the ears, a spot in the center of the breast, and dark lines through the eyes and along the lower edges of the cheeks.

While a singing vesper sparrow is often to be found on the top of a post or tall weed, this bird is a typical ground bird. It lives largely upon weed seeds and insects it secures from the ground; it loves to take dust baths in roads, gardens and fields; and it always nests on the ground. Take a walk through a field or treeless pasture, or drive along a dusty country road, where vesper sparrows are numerous, and the birds will dart from the ground, flit from weed to weed, or post to post, ahead of you, showing their white outer tail feathers during each brief stage of their forward progress.

The vesper sparrow nests on the ground in fields, meadows and open pastures. The nests usually are built in tufts of weeds and grass, piles of leaves and litter and so on. Many nests also are built in hills of corn, beans, potatoes and other plants.

The incubating or brooding mother remains in her nest until you are right beside it, then flushes, spreads her tail, drags her wings and utters sharp notes of alarm. Off she goes, trying her best to make you think she has been injured and doing all she can to attract your attention and keep you from finding the cradle.

The nests are made of grasses neatly coiled about slight depressions in the ground. They are lined with fine grass and hair. The eggs are pinkish white but thickly spotted with brown. Many vesper sparrows' nests are destroyed by live stock and farm machinery; others are looted by animals of many kinds. Cowbirds also impose upon these pretty and useful songsters very frequently.

Have you heard the vesper sparrow's evensong? Although this bird sings freely throughout the day, it also sings long and sweetly late in the day. Indeed, it often sings sweetly after eight o'clock at night in June, when most other birds are silent. If you have not heard this song, listen for it. It may be soft and low, because it comes from across the fields; and it has a drowsy, peaceful quality. It is, in fact, a sweet pastoral hymn. Is it any wonder, then, that this charming and useful songster is known far and wide as the vesper sparrow?

Friendly Fantails of Australia

EWEN K. PATTERSON

NO other birds in Australia enjoy such widespread popularity and freedom from hunters and trappers as the little fantails, or "wag-tails" as they are popularly termed. Their popularity is due



AUSTRALIAN FANTAIL ON NEST

to their valuable work as insect pest destroyers both in the city and country, and it is for this reason that the birds are closely protected by law, shooting or trapping them being a serious offense.

Everybody loves the fantails. Dainty in all their ways, they are the friendliest of all birds. They are widely distributed in Australia, being found not only in the bush country, but in the heart of the cities as well. They render valuable service in city parks and gardens by destroying insect pests, while in the country they help farmers in a similar way, as well as removing ticks and other parasitic insects from the backs of horses and cattle. It is, indeed, a wonderful sight to see a dozen or more fantails riding on the backs of grazing cattle and horses, picking merrily away at ticks, or hopping down to pick up insects disturbed by the animals when feeding. The animals all welcome the birds, and the friendship between them is one of the most inspiring in the bird world.

Another striking thing is the fantails' friendliness when mixing with other kinds of birds. They go about in quite neighborly fashion with other birds, and I have often seen fantails helping to feed other baby birds, as if they were their own. No other birds in Australia have a more friendly disposition than the fantails, which are called "wagtails" because of their interesting tail-wagging habit.

The color of the Australian fantails is either black and white or grey with black and white stripes. The birds have a very pretty little song, which is often heard at night. They are one of the few Australian

day birds to sing at night, and when heard in the dead silence of the night their little song is most beautiful.

A female fantail sitting on her nest is shown in the accompanying photograph. The nest is a little webby cup with a long tail or "beard." Despite their friendly disposition at other times, the fantails at nesting time become very vicious and will fiercely attack any person, animal or bird that comes near their nest. The birds have great courage in this respect, and will defend their nest to the death if necessary. This courage in so small a bird is a fine thing to see, especially in so good a cause. The birds only attain an average length of about four inches, exclusive of the tail.

Apart from their friendliness to other birds and animals, the fantails are also very companionable to humans, and are quick to chum up with workers and travelers in the bush. On farms, too, the birds will often perch on the shoulders of farmers at work, and from that vantage point they keep a close watch for any insects disturbed by the men.

My Garden Fairy

V. WINIFRED CHIVENS

YOU do not believe in fairies? Then, come sit with me in my garden and I will show you a creature so ethereal and dainty, that I think you will at least amend this statement to say, "Well, not in human form, anyhow."

The ruby-throated hummingbird is, to me, one of the most wonderful and interesting of feathered folk. So very tiny, less than four inches in length, yet it possesses more energy and vim according to its size than we may find in any other living creature. It is almost symbolic of perpetual motion, and this tireless movement, with the humming accompanying the rapid movements of its wings, makes one wonder if somewhere in its tiny anatomy we might not discover a dynamo producing the driving power which this wee elf possesses. Now here, now there, gone with the swiftness of an arrow from our sight.

Beautifully colored feathers showing iridescent in the sunlight, brilliant ruby red throat, on whirring wings this fairy of mine hangs poised above the garden flowers, its long bill thrust into their heart in search of sweetness concealed therein. This hummingbird also has the characteristic of fearless courage, and will attack and vanquish anything from bumblebees and members of its own species, to the largest of birds which arouse its antagonism.

This visitor of mine is rather selfish, and when once it finds feeding-grounds to its satisfaction, it refuses to share its delicacies with others. Many desperate battles are waged over my garden as the ruby-throat, who holds priority rights, with squeaks of anger and humming wings sends the interloper on his way.

The nest of the ruby-throated hummingbird is a work of art and is built almost



RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD
VISITOR PAUSES FOR A MOMENT'S
REST ON A BUSY DAY

without exception by the female. An exquisite, tiny cup, fashioned on a tree limb, of lichens and sometimes a bit of bark, lined with milkweed and other plant downs, joined with the webs of insects. In this lovely cradle are deposited two wee white eggs which are brooded lovingly until the young are hatched; then they are tenderly cared for until able to venture forth into the world for themselves.

The diet of the hummingbird consists of nectar from flowers, which they also fertilize by carrying pollen, also a goodly amount of insect food. Thus, it is desirable for us to cultivate their company for economic as well as esthetic reasons.

Butterflies

ANNIE GRAHAM KING

*My garden's full of flowers,
And all the bees are there,
And butterflies in radiant guise
Are flitting everywhere,*

*And like a dream, so bright they seem,
I'd seize them for my own—
I'll make a web and capture them,
Before they all have flown.*

*I'll weave it out of moonlight,
Or out of starry beams,
I'll fling it on my garden,
And catch those restless dreams!*

*Yet like a dream how dull they seem—
How lifeless in my grasp!
Ah! I will tear their prison up,
And free them from my clasp.*

*And see! Above my garden
Once more on glowing wing
The butterflies are dancing—
My dreams are fluttering!*

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application. We will gladly send free sample copies to prospective subscribers.

A Devoted Dog Lover

AMELIA WOFFORD

SIR HORACE WALPOLE loved all dogs.

"The dear, good-natured, honest, sensible creatures! How can anybody hurt them?" he wrote in 1760, when London, panic-stricken at a rumor of hydrophobia, was slaughtering dogs indiscriminately.

For pets his choice was small dogs.

The first dog of his manhood, a gift, was "Tory," "a little black King Charles spaniel, but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature." Its name dated back to its first master, Humphrey Parsons, a staunch Tory, alderman and twice Mayor of London, and though opposed to Sir Horace's Whiggism he did not change it.

Unfortunately for Tory, whither Sir Horace went, his pet dog went. And so, in 1739, Tory accompanied him, and his Etonian friend, Thomas Gray, on their continental tour. Crossing Mont Cenis, Tory, put out of the coach by his master for a little exercise, was seized by a wolf and carried off before a hand could be lifted in his defense.

"It was shocking to see anything one loved run away to so horrid a death," Sir Horace wrote; and ever afterwards mountains were abhorrent to him.

A year later, while touring Italy, he had recovered sufficiently from the loss of Tory to take to his heart a little silver-fleeced dog, which he christened "Patapan."

"He shall go to England, where I will get him naturalized and created a peer by the title of Viscount Callington," he said to a friend, when notifying him of his prize.

The pocket borough of Callington in Cornish had just elected Sir Horace to represent it in Parliament.

England agreed with Patapan. He grew handsomer and fatter; and for six years he was a cherished member of his master's household.

The death of his pets was no light matter to Sir Horace. When Patapan died he wrote to a friend: "You have nothing but misfortunes of your friends to lament. If it would not sound ridiculously, though, I assure you, I am far from feeling it lightly, I would tell you of poor Patapan's death: he died about ten days ago."

Patapan's successor was one "Fanny." Not a notable character nor especially loved seemingly, as only her name survives.

Next appeared "Rosette," a black and tan spaniel. She was credited by her master with saving his Arlington house from being burned, by standing before the chimney-place and persistently barking. He discovered the chimney was on fire; and had it not been extinguished immediately, the house would have been destroyed.

When a fatal illness seized Rosette, she had a faithful nurse in her master. He was out of bed twenty times every night; and on one occasion sat up with her until three in the morning.

The epitaph he wrote her "came from

his heart, if ever epitaph did," he wrote a friend. It ended with this wish:

*"Some happier isle, some humbler heaven
Be to my trembling wishes given,
Admitted to that equal sky,
May sweet Rose bear me company!"*

"Tonton," another black and tan spaniel, succeeded Rosette in her master's affections. He came to him by the will of the eccentric Marquise du Deffand, who loved Sir Horace "better than all France," and whom he admired. Well acquainted with his devotion to animals, she was comfortably certain of the home her pampered, ill-tempered pet would have with him.

Tonton's entrance into Strawberry Hill did not promise peace to its inmates. He attacked and ran off Sir Horace's beautiful white cat. He attacked the dogs; bit one, and was well bitten in return. His wounds were soothed by his new owner and by Margaret, the housekeeper, who "loved all creatures so well she would have been happy in the Ark, and sorry when the Deluge ceased."

Whatever the cause, the lesson the dog's spirited resistance taught him, or the gentle influence of Margaret and Sir Horace, no more outbreaks are recorded against him.

Tonton is shown sitting on a sofa by his master's tea table, sharing his bread and butter, but not the tea he drank from ancient Japanese porcelain cups. When stone deaf and blind he was still his master's constant companion, and the object of his tender care. His own health poor, Sir Horace feared that should Tonton survive him, it "was scarcely possible he would meet a third person who would study his happiness" as he did. He survived Tonton.

"I shall miss him greatly, and must not have another dog. I am too old, and should only breed it up to be unhappy when I am gone," he said to Lady Ossory. He kept his word.

Tonton died in Berkley Square, London. He was carried by Sir Horace to Strawberry Hill and buried "behind the chapel near Rosette."

Dog Worship

BLANCHE BUTLER

HOW many dog lovers know that there was a time, many, many years ago, when men worshiped dogs?

Herodotus tells us that when a dog belonging to an Egyptian family died, the members of that family shaved themselves as an expression of grief. The dog was regarded as a god, and was represented with the body of a man.

Cynopolis, (Dog City), was built in honor of Anubis, to worship whom priests celebrated great festivals, and to whom they sacrificed earthly dogs. At that time human beings were not the only mortal creatures embalmed by the Egyptians, for many mummies of dogs have also been found.

From Egypt dog worship spread to other countries. By the Jews and by the Mohammedans, dogs were believed to howl just before a death because they were able to see the Angel of Death going about on his mission.

The Iranians had rites in which the dog figured prominently in the casting out of evil spirits. The dogs were forced to follow the corpse, which was then thrown out into the field to be devoured by dogs and vultures.

In the olden times some believed that the dog was ever on guard at the gates of paradise to keep out unworthy souls.

According to Aryan belief, the soul passes over a stream, crosses a bridge, and meets a dog or two.

The Iroquois Indians believed that the spirits of the departed, on their journey to the happy hunting grounds, were beset with dangers; that a swift river was crossed on a log that shook beneath their feet, and that ferocious dogs opposed their passage.

Protagoras, after his return from Egypt, founded a new school in southern Italy, teaching, as did the Egyptians, that at death the soul entered into various animals. He would hold a dog to the mouth of a dying friend to receive the departing spirit, saying that there was no animal which could perpetuate his virtues like a dog.

Whether the earthly dog himself has a paradise is still a question, though many of the greatest poets and philosophers believe the dog will gain admittance to Paradise, if not in man's, at least to one of his own.



"BABE" AND "FAT," CANADIAN BEAUTIES

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1936

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Inviting the Birds

It is not too early to begin to prepare for attracting the birds about our homes this winter. Almost any form of feeding-table placed high enough from the ground will answer. Even a place in the yard where food is regularly scattered will bring them. Sometimes this feeding place may be on a piazza where the birds can be seen through a window. Hang a piece of suet in a tree near the house. Tie a meat bone where it can be reached. To many it is a constant delight, day after day, to watch these little visitors come and go. If you have never given yourself this pleasure now is the very time to begin.

For Foreign Work

For years a devoted member of our Society gave us several hundred dollars annually for humane work in foreign lands where need seemed the greatest. With her death these gifts stopped. Yet calls come constantly from other lands where animal suffering is beyond belief and where even a little help to a few self-sacrificing workers to lessen cruelty would mean much. We shall gladly establish a fund for this purpose if money is sent us to meet such needs.

The Queen Mary

This is the new Cunard-White Star English liner. Oil from her great engines will destroy no sea birds on her own or other shores. The Royal S. P. C. A. tells us that, as a result of enquiring, it has learned that this latest queen of the sea is equipped with oil separators by means of which the oil is recovered and the waste so fatal to sea fowl not emptied into the sea.

A Clever Comment

The July issue of *Outdoor Indiana* proudly reports that feet from 146,000 crows have been turned in by competing "conservation" clubs in three campaigns against the birds in the Hoosier State. Bird lovers, game bird shooters and farmers are reported to be deeply appreciative of the reduced population. So are the grasshoppers that have been eating up the farm crops.

Vanishing Birds and Abandoned Farms

Millicent and Irene Finley in the September issue of *Nature Magazine* find what seems abundant reason for the disappearance of a part of our wild fowl and also for the abandonment of hundreds of farms that were never meant for farms. They say:

Years ago it was the plume and market hunters that we thought meant the end of the birds. This was like a mere visitation of the measles, soon cured. With the coming of the land promoter, a more insidious disease fell upon the feathered residents of the lake. It was a canker in Nature's balanced system, a schemer who persuaded state and county governments that vacant desert lands could be turned into prosperous farms, that ponds and marshes could be drained and would add agricultural wealth to the communities.

In this period, civic organizations, chambers of commerce and even the railroads fell in with the idea of inducing settlers from the Middle West and the East to come out and locate on remaining public lands throughout the dry sagebrush country and especially in the submarginal areas. Common sense would have told even a casual observer that these were not fit to support families.

So this promotion fever swept through the western country, eating away the feeding and nesting-places of the migratory flocks. Water birds could not live without homes. This false land promotion was an epidemic.

The picture that followed this land promotion flurry was one of desolation; deserted shacks with a few starving cattle standing expectantly at the back door; deserted schoolhouses with owls roosting in the bellies; wind-blown sand sweeping across the bleak spaces—lonely, lonely. It was a pathetic ending of the efforts of misguided men to make homes.

Funchal S. P. C. A., Madeira

A letter from Mrs. Marie C. S. Houghton tells of the death of Dr. Alexandre da Cunha Telles, late president of the Funchal S. P. C. A., who was noted for his great public and charitable work. The organization is fortunate in securing as its new president Viscount Caçango, a prominent member of Funchal society. A "Be Kind to Animals" day will be observed this fall, while the Society's hospital and other practical work is being kept up. The head of the police in Funchal is especially helpful. In commenting on current conditions, Mrs. Houghton observes:

"The deteriorating effects of the systematic culture of cruelty upon a whole nation are being demonstrated in Spain today. Will this realization not give stimulus to earnest universal efforts upon the lines of your splendid humane work? The need for humane instruction stands out more and more clearly. When will humanity as a whole realize this, and put its hand to the plough? Introducing this teaching into our small sphere of action is an ideal I have set myself. May this dream some day be accomplished!"

A Variant of Aesop

UNDER the above heading *The London Times* prints a message from its Dar-es-Salaam correspondent stating that a curious tale has come from Tabora, in the center of Tanganyika. "Raids by lions upon the herds of cattle have been frequent and the natives have been setting traps. An aged native has just been fined 30s. by the Native Council for releasing a lion from one of the traps. It appears that the lion used to hunt regularly near the native's hut, and a friendly arrangement, it was said in court, had been evolved between the two. The lion would always leave sufficient meat for the man; and the man, in his turn, coming across the lion in the trap, had—like the mouse in the fable—shown that he was not ungrateful. It was not clear in the evidence whether the hyenas and jackals had also been brought into the working arrangement, for they normally eat up in a night whatever meat a lion leaves."

Even to the Least

Victor Hugo says of that bishop whom all readers of "Les Misérables" will never forget, "He sprained his ankle once trying to avoid stepping on an ant." He belonged to the order of those who would not "needlessly set foot upon a worm." This attitude toward life, even when we meet it in its lowliest forms, can be cultivated in children if parents start early enough. If there are harmful creatures whose meaning we cannot understand and which must be destroyed, let the destruction be without unnecessary suffering and never in the spirit of cruelty.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for July, 1936—31 Days

Daily average, large animals	48.1	
Forage for same		\$100.38
Daily average, dogs	7	7.40
Forage for same		24.90
Put to sleep	48	20.24
Transportation		66.35
Wages, grooms and stable boys		116.12
Superintendent's salary		29.86
Veterinary's salary		18.14
Motor bicycle (insurance and expense)		41.08
Sundries		331.56
Building upkeep (repair water-tubes)		

(*) \$756.08

Entries: 21 horses, 7 mules, 75 donkeys.
Exits: 7 horses, 4 mules, 43 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 87 horses, 62 mules, 91 donkeys, 2 dogs, 6 cats.

Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 494 cases investigated, 7,743 animals seen, 1,705 animals treated, 70 animals transferred to American Fondouk, 11 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed.

(*) Actual operating expenses, \$424.47.

Mr. Charles A. Williams, Honorary Secretary, writes us from Fez, August 8, "The new motor ambulance, the gift of Mrs. Henry Ravenscroft, will arrive here Monday next by train. We had to pay duty at Casablanca, as the new head of the Custom House is in France on his holiday. We feel quite assured that the money will be refunded to us. As the number plates can only be arranged for in Fez, and only dealers are allowed 'en route' number plates, it had to be sent by train. This costs us, however, scarcely more than to hire a chauffeur and an official to bring it over the road."



Founded by Geo. T. Angell, Incorporated March, 1868
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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

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Winchester Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; Miss BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—Mrs. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; Capt. WILLIAM K. YOUNGLOVE, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers.. 16,777
 Cases investigated 377
 Animals examined 4,699
 Animals placed in homes 63
 Lost animals restored to owners.... 46
 Number of prosecutions 2
 Number of convictions..... 2
 Horses taken from work..... 17
 Horses humanely put to sleep 33
 Small animals humanely put to sleep 1,196

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected..... 48,264
 Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep..... 15

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Ella R. Burt of Taunton, Margaret S. Journeay of Walham, and Ralph P. Cheever of Dedham.

September 8, 1936.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals
 184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief of Staff
 R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
 E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
 G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
 T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.
 C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.
 HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.
 H. L. SHEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	944	Cases	2,651
Dogs	716	Dogs	2,190
Cats	216	Cats	415
Birds	6	Birds	36
Horses	2	Goats	5
Goats	2	Squirrels	3
Fox	1	Rabbit	1
Rat	1	Horse	1
Operations	812		

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 141,942
 Dispensary cases 343,752

Total 485,694

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital 154
 Cases entered in Dispensary 465
 Operations 163

11,448 Horses Watered

At the four summer watering stations on the streets of Boston, provided by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 11,448 horses were given water. The season covered nine weeks closing September 5.

Mr. Carroll in Boston

Mr. Seymour Carroll, field worker of the American Humane Education Society, of Columbia, S. C., called at the Boston office in September. Mrs. Carroll and a friend accompanied him. They also visited in Rhode Island and New York.

New Short-Wave Radio Signal Brings Ambulance to Rescue of Cats and Dogs

CALLING M. S. P. C. A." is the new signal going out these days over the Brookline police short wave radio broadcast. It contacts the ambulance of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as pictured on the front cover of this number.

This arrangement was recently made through the Brookline police department, and is used only in emergencies to prevent needless delay. The Society is careful never to ask, however, that the police use wave lengths when they are needed for human problems of crime or illness.

Dog Track Destroyed

DOG racing, which has invaded many localities to their detriment, and the sundry and secret practices connected with it call for the closest scrutiny on the part of officials of the Humane Societies.

Not long since an agent of the American S. P. C. A. prosecuted a trainer of whippets in Rockland County, New York, for cruelty to live rabbits, in using them to school the dogs for the race track. The agent-investigator learned from the racing clique that not only were live rabbits employed in the training course but also cats and chickens as well.

The offender was convicted and given a sentence of twenty-five days in jail and a fine of \$50. The court, however, suspended the jail sentence and remitted part of the fine with a warning to defendant that if he violated any law of the state of New York within a year the sentence would be revoked and balance of fine must be paid.

More recently a humane officer of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Charles E. Brown, whose district embraces Bristol County, discovered that a miniature track was being used to practise the greyhounds for racing at the Taunton resort. Having also discovered the carcasses of rabbits buried in the vicinity, which were too decomposed to determine the cause of death, Mr. Brown then took up the matter with track officials and dog owners. The former assured him that a track rule existed that any dog owner using live rabbits to train or school their dogs would be expelled from the track. The outcome of this investigation and exposure was the demolition of the track and its equipment by order of the S. P. C. A. agent.

About the Horned Toad

We greatly regret that in the article on "The Horned Toad of Texas," which appeared in our last number, that part of the article was used which suggested that people take these little creatures out of Texas as pets. We now learn that many thoughtless people are doing this; that many of these little animals are painted and sold; also shipped in suffocating boxes in which many die. We have always discouraged such traffic.

A typical example of the efficacy of the radio system occurred during the school vacation in Dorchester, where a group of boys found a very sick cat, and carried it to a drug-store whose proprietor called the animal hospital which, in turn, called the Brookline police.

Charles Brooks, a veteran driver, had taken out the ambulance. He had many calls to make, but the radio flash reached him, and in less than 30 minutes he had the stricken kitten in the hands of a veterinarian. The cat was found to have been poisoned, but after treatment was resting comfortably.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton.....Madeira
Dr. A. T. Ishkanian.....Mexico
Luther Parker.....Philippine Islands
Joaquin Julia.....Spain
Mrs. Alice W. Manning.....Turkey

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, *Secretary*
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie B. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weatherbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barrow, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark. Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomim, Chicago, Illinois
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR AUGUST, 1936

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 63
Number of addresses made, 66
Number of persons in audiences, 11,226

Retired Workers' Fund

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Humane Education in Its Relation to Education for Parenthood

From a Radio Address by MRS. JOHN RATHOM

HUMANE Education means *Universal Justice and Compassion*. It implants in consciousness the precepts of Love, Charity, Tenderness, Sympathy, Unselfishness, Honesty, Loyalty, Patriotism, Courage, all attributes charged with grace for distinguished living.

It is the child in whom Humane Education is basically interested, and such teaching is of vital concern to parents because it goes with them to the very roots of character growth and parents hold within their hearts the mighty power that can guide into maturity gracious men and women of staunch integrity.

Allowing for all factors of heredity, environment and children's own individuality, parents' influence is the first and greatest force that moulds, shapes and sets the trend of a child's character.

Looking back to our own conscious beginnings, who is first remembered? Probably mother, father, nurse, or some person who stood in parental relation to us.

This may be a sweet, hallowed memory, or, there may be scars on the soul—bitter and hurting—according to the kind of parent-care one had. And, though kindness teaching is given through schools, organizations, and every available channel, in the ultimate home influences are deepest because they are the first written upon children's facile minds and unmarked hearts.

Yes, Humane Education is supremely important in its relation to parenthood—it is *character building*.

Humanitarian teaching is not sentimental theory nor Utopian dreams of emotional people. On the contrary, it is a very practical utilitarian force in the serious conduct of daily life. Humane Education has great economic value. It conserves natural resources, concerns itself with all projects for betterment of living conditions, it teaches reverence and help for all forms of life.

A concrete example of Humane Educational work is the constant battling for proper care of food animals, not only for their God-given right for the comfort of well being, but also for decent sanitary conditions and humane methods of slaughter.

Humaneness is *civilization*, cruelty is barbarism. The spirit of cruelty is the deadliest enemy of highly organized society. Humane Education is a challenge to all criminal activities. It changes public sentiment, it makes for shame to doers of darkness, and it glorifies righteous effort.

Humane Education is responsible for many reforms and beneficent laws for the protection of humankind, animals, plants, flowers and trees. When the powerful voice of organized humanitarianism speaks, it can carry to the furthestmost outreaches of civilization with compelling urge.

We need more education of hearts to balance education of heads. The world is now in a chaos of despair because heads, without the help of hearts, rule. Overseas, the strong are warring against the weak; so-called, materialistic might is slaying helpless human beings. Godless, fearsome brain-con-

ceived cruelty governs.

For it is not ignorant men,—the unlearned—who plan and plot savage barbarism; no, this terror is the product of cold, calculating intellect, brains brilliantly educated while neglected hearts have been drained dry of every humane impulse.

There is so much unnecessary cruelty, cruelty, too, that is not prompted by viciousness; often it is from lack of thought. Children must be taught to think; to understand living creatures in terms of themselves. The child who knows that his playmates, his pets, and all animals feel pain, discomfort, hunger, thirst, cold, and neglect just as he suffers such distresses, will not intentionally hurt another child or helpless animal.

As in all education, parents have great responsibility in this teaching and it cannot be begun too early. The little child needs to be shown the difference between a kitten and a woolly toy and to learn that he must not maul and squeeze the living pet.

In all life contacts we can find the cause and corrective of ill-functioning by looking patiently with the searching light of sympathy, for underlying reasons, knowing that there is only good at the base, glory at the goal.

If one could always see deep into the human soul, such clear vision would make for understanding forgiveness, one would then encourage and cheer on hard pressed fellow beings who are painfully struggling upward.

In some way or other every heart is burdened with just about all the aches it can carry, and only compassion helps ease the weight. It is the sunlight that penetrates to the very center of life, stimulating benign growth.

There lies in the center of each man's heart

A longing and love for the good and the pure;

And if but an atom, or larger part,

I tell you this shall endure, endure,

After the body has gone to decay,

Yes, after the world has passed away.

Inhuman Trapper

Editorial in Boston Traveler

A collie owned by a Salem, N. H., woman had been missing eight days. The owner searched the countryside.

Finally a man found the dog, whining. The animal's hind paw was nearly severed by the teeth of a trap. Search is being made for the person who set the trap.

Undoubtedly the trapper had no desire to catch a dog. Whatever he hoped to trap, he was a low person for not going to his trap daily. Any animal caught in it would have suffered needlessly during eight days, and there is no knowing how much longer the trap might have gone unvisited had not the rescuer heard the dog's whimper.

Eight long days and nights this poor animal was in torture. Meanwhile the cause of it roamed about among human beings.

"And the Cat Came Back"

IRWIN HAYDEN in *Hayden's*

IT was this way: About four years ago Nan was given a small Persian kitten, too young to show its potentialities but cunning withal. It was given to fits, and one day I was about to kill it, but refrained. Proper food developed it into a peculiarly beautiful animal possessed of lovable qualities; and a character of its own. Nan named it "Mike."

Mike was never a forward cat. Always shy, he would at times manifest great affection, and of a Sunday afternoon I enjoyed having Mike leap to my lap, look up into my face with his notably lovely eyes, the while he purred, and now and then uttered his "Mieow" of loving kindness. He would purr, after the manner of his kind, in a sort of ecstasy.

On the morning of Friday, July 31, 1936, Perez played for a moment with Mike in the backyard. We did not see or hear Mike again. We were all saddened because Mike did not come home on Saturday, Sunday or Monday.

At about 6 P. M. Monday, Mike pushed the back screen door ajar and came into the kitchen.

Such a sight! Left eye extruded from the socket, horribly swollen; lower jaw broken, and nose bloodied; dirty and bedraggled,—but purring his gladness to see us all.

Where had he been? What had injured him so?

Mike was thirsty but could not drink. He was hungry but could not eat.

He made no sound, save his purr and now and then his characteristic "Mieow," not loud, but soft.

Shall we put him to sleep? Or shall we take him to Dr. Walkerdine?

A kind neighbor took two of us and Mike to Dr. Walkerdine, who skillfully cut out the injured eye, tied up the broken jaw, and sent us home again, for two weeks of painful getting well.

Mike showed no fear on the operating table. Local anesthesia and the loving hands that held him during the torture seemed enough to tell him that no harm was meant.

Just a cat? Yes, just a cat; but to us as much a member of the family as one of us. His eyes were like jewels, now there will be but one. His mouth was pink, and his nose white and soft, and his ways affectionate and not greedy. More valued than a picture on the wall, than a book, than a gem, Mike is dear to us and we hope he may recover though the way is hard.

Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address

Animal Pets as Wilderness Companions

HENRY H. GRAHAM

ONLY men who have had the companionship of a dog or a cat in the wilderness realize to the fullest extent what such a pet means. Scattered throughout the hinterlands of the world are prospectors, loggers and hermits who live alone except for an animal pet or two. Often for months at a time they never hear the sound of a human voice except their own. It is for this reason as much as for any other that wilderness dwellers are known for their taciturnity.

Several summers ago I got acquainted with an old prospector who worked a mine alone in the hills. His diggings were located approximately one mile from his vine-covered cabin where he had lived in seclusion for twenty-odd years. During the interval he had enjoyed the companionship of numerous dogs and was never without a faithful canine. He suffered many hardships and had numerous experiences of breath-taking interest.

One bitterly cold, stormy day he was taken ill while at work in his mine. It was about quitting time and the old man started out for his cabin through a fierce blizzard. Although he became steadily sicker on the return journey he somehow managed to crunch his way through the deep snow to a point half-way to the building. There he fell in a heap from illness and exhaustion. He was awakened by his collie dog, "Sunrise," pulling on his clothes. Groggily the miner got to his feet and stumbled forward. In the storm, however, he had lost his sense of direction. In his fever of delirium he yanked a piece of stout string from his pocket. Sunrise seized one end of this in his mouth and started out, with the old miner holding the other end of the cord firmly in his hand. In this manner Sunrise led him unerringly home.

"If it hadn't been for that wonderful

dog," the prospector told me, "I wouldn't be relating this story today. I would have died right there. In the spring my skeleton would have told another grim and tragic story of the hills. After a week's illness I recovered and continued work."

"Sunrise was such a comfort in the long winter evenings. He used to lie stretched out before the fire while I read or cooked. He was such an intelligent dog that he seemed to understand everything I said to him. It was a terrible blow to me when he died. My best friend was gone forever."

Upon another occasion an aged, bearded hermit entertained me with stories of his pet cat, "Snowflake," a big Maltese. "Snowflake, too, was a smart creature," I was informed. Often I used to grow hungry for company, particularly at meal time. On those occasions I used to fix a separate table for Snowflake nearby, setting it with a plate and knives and forks as I did my own. And I taught Snowflake to eat his meal without climbing aboard the table. He would sort of squat on his rear legs and eat with his forepaws, licking the platter clean. Like most cats he was a fastidious feeder. Sometimes he would even turn up his nose at the fare I served myself and demand something different for his own stomach. He liked fried potatoes and thick gravy best. Each winter he grew fat; in the summer he became thin in spite of the nourishing food I gave him.

"Snowflake was a wonderful pal—better company than some human beings I've known. He even enjoyed radio music, particularly the instrumental type. When a high soprano sang, however, he would arch his back belligerently and wander to the front door to be let out."

I trust that I shall have a better excuse for killing a moose than that I may hang my hat on his horns. THOREAU



HELLO, AMERICA! MY HOME IS IN HOLLAND

Animals and Conscience

ETTA W. SCHLICHTER

DO animals have consciences? Certainly not, you may say. They obey the law of the jungle. If they avoid doing things that are taboo, it is because they have learned to fear unpleasant consequences.

But are we sure? Who knows the mind of bird or beast? Men used to aver that they were guided only by instinct. Now the wise nature student is sure that they have intelligence at least sufficient for their own needs. They make mistakes and get into trouble. But then so do we.

A French writer of note once remarked, "We have had no revelation in regard to animals." It is true that the writer of Ecclesiastes spoke of the soul of man going upward and that of the beast going downward. A very earnest Bible student once interpreted this to mean that all the beasts are foredoomed to destruction. But note the frame of mind that the Preacher was in when he wrote those words. "That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts," he says, "so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast." But he was in a pessimistic mood when he wrote, weighing and considering this and that till he concluded that all was vanity. One must read on till the end to find that he set aside many of his gloomy conclusions as he was illumined by an inner light. May not this have been one that he set aside?

Rover, unless he was tied, always ran away on washday because he had learned that as soon as the washing was done, he'd be given a bath. He never came back till the tubs were emptied. Then he returned with his tail between his legs, though he had never been punished. He knew he'd been a coward.

John Burroughs once told an interesting story of two chipmunks. He had discovered a chipmunk's den in a stone wall in front of his house and for a couple of years had put out grain for her which she would carry to her den and store. One day he saw her leave the den and immediately afterward a larger, stronger chipmunk scurried across the road and entered the den. The little owner returned before the robber could make his exit and Mr. Burroughs looked for trouble. It came. The thief came out of the den with only one cheek pocket filled with his ill-gotten gains and started down the road, the victim of his depredations after him. It was a mad race and the robber won. But in commenting on the episode, Mr. Burroughs wrote: "It is curious that on such occasions, among both birds and animals, the thief, no matter if he is the larger and stronger, will always flee. A guilty conscience seems to make cowards of all creatures, and a sense of right emboldens the weakest."

Who better than John Burroughs knew the ways of bird and beast; who thus credits them with some knowledge of right and wrong? To be sure they have no decalogue. But neither did man for thousands, perhaps millions of years before it was finally given. Yet man had some knowledge of right and wrong without it or he couldn't have under-



Keystone

THE CHIPMUNK IS SOMETIMES A ROBBER

stood it when it came.

Who are we in our arrogance to set ourselves so far above the other creatures God has made? In the vast spaces of the universe may there not be room for them to continue their development even as we hope to continue ours? We do not know. "We have had no revelation in regard to animals."

"Czar," the Wolfdog

ARTHUR EHRSAM

I was way up in the wilds of the Broken Paddle River country of Quebec when I met "Czar." He was a Labrador husky-dog. The Labrador husky is fierce and wild. They have more of the wolf-strain than all other sledge-dogs in the Great North Country, that land of trackless forests, innumerable rivers and swamps, the land of the Midnight Sun and the Aurora Borealis, the land of chattering Eskimos and laughing Indians, the one land where a man is judged by what he is.

How Czar wandered so far from the great booming waters of Hudson Bay I do not know. I was alone at the time, had started cooking dinner when out of the spruce came a grayish-yellow form about the size of a wolf. He resembled a wolf. I was frightened, thinking he was a wolf. When he drew nearer I observed that he was a dog. I suppose the smell of food lured him, or he was hungry for human companionship.

A dog cannot live without human fellowship. I was glad to see him. I had not met a human-kind in a fortnight. I called to him. He hung back undecided. I set a plate of mess-pork out for him and acted indifferent toward him. He looked me over; and decided I would not harm him. The mess-pork soon vanished.

From that day onward we became inseparable friends. Czar would ride in the canoe all day and at night would nestle close to me as if he sensed I was lonely. The next winter we were deep in the wilderness. Food is hard to secure in that cold hinterland. Many times I had no food to give to him. He never complained, al-

though he was near starvation at times. At night, when the wild, weird polar lights shot up from the frozen zone and the intense cold bit deep into one, Czar would lie close and snug to me, keeping me from freezing to death.

Czar saved my life twice. The second time he lost his. The first time happened on the Leaf river. It was in the summer and I was paddling the canoe up the river. I was unfamiliar with it. Czar was in the bow. We ran into unknown rapids. The canoe split and I was thrown out. The swift waters swept me against a rock. I hit my head and became unconscious. The next thing I remember, I was lying on a sandbar with Czar licking the wound on my forehead and whimpering. He, the old faithful fellow, had dragged me upon the sandbar.

The second time happened on the East Main river. It was in the winter, the river was locked tighter than a drum. Czar and I were traveling on its hard surface, trying to reach a Hudson Bay outpost. It became dark in the middle of the afternoon. I had to go carefully because of the treacherous ice. I accidentally stepped on thin ice and fell in the icy waters. I struggled frantically. Czar grabbed my arm and diligently and indefatigably pulled. I became numb with cold. But Czar pulled me out of the hole only to slip in himself. He clambered out—a mass of ice from head to tail.

Four days later Czar succumbed to pneumonia. That was a sombrous, rueful and sorrowful day for me. I had lost the truest, whitest pal a man ever had.

I buried him on the summit of a pretty little hill, under an aged balsam. He slumbers there, in that glorious land of the eternal spruce.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Boston, Mass.

The Disappearing Dugong

EWEN K. PATTERSON

ONE hundred years ago it was almost universally believed that there were such things as mermaids and mermen—men and women fish having human heads and trunks, and tails like fishes. Sailors returning from voyages in the Indian and South Pacific Oceans were most emphatic in their statements of having seen these creatures—not one but hundreds! Today, of course, we know that what they saw were curious sea creatures which, in some respects and when seen in certain positions, are remarkably like human beings. These are the wonderful sea animals known as dugongs, which today are among the rarest of all living things.

The dugong is definitely dying out; extinction seems to be its doom. A member of the small family of sea-cows, which includes only one other species—the manatee of Atlantic waters—the dugong at one time was exceedingly plentiful in the Indian and South Pacific Oceans. But, as a result of the constant hunting these creatures have suffered for the sake of their meat and their oil, they are doomed and are now seen very rarely.

The dugong was classified once as a whale. But although it is somewhat whale-like in appearance, it is not a member of the whale family. It grows to an average length of about nine feet and weighs anywhere up to 2,000 pounds. Its body, which is bluish-gray on top and whitish underneath, is somewhat cylindrical in shape, gradually tapering toward a half-moon shaped tail. It has a pair of large fore-flippers, but no hind limbs or fins. Its head, almost human in outline, is rather small in comparison with the rest of the body. It has dark and deep-set eyes, tiny ears, and nostrils with valve-like flaps to exclude the water when beneath the surface.

The female dugong gives birth to a single young one at a time, and breeds only once a year. She suckles her baby, and nurses and attends it with great care. When feeding it she clasps the infant to her breast with her flippers, and drifts along with her head and the upper part of her body showing above the water. In such a position she looks remarkably human-like from a distance, and from the sight it is easy to understand how the creature gave rise to the famous mermaid myth.

Hunting these wonderful animals is a poor form of sport, because the dugong is harmless and is entirely defenseless. It forms an easy prey to those bent on slaughter, and unless something is soon done to protect them the animals will be extinct, and the world will have lost one of its most amazing and delightful sea creatures.

Unique among all animals the dugong actually weeps when captured. When hauled from the water tears pour from its dark and deep-set eyes. In some parts of the Pacific the natives collect these tears, believing that they act as a powerful love charm.

The female dugong is a very devoted mother, being human-like in her actions. Her worst enemies in the sea are sharks, which



JAPAN'S LARGEST CEMETERY FOR DOGS AND CATS

Here is shown Japan's largest cemetery for dogs and cats exclusively. It is situated in Western Tokyo. In this graveyard the remains of more than 40,000 of Japan's most famous dogs and cats are buried. On each memorial pole, placed at the grave, there is writing, indicating the name of the deceased dog or cat and also

the name of the owners.

On the anniversary of the death of these animals the owners never fail to go to the cemetery to offer flowers to the souls of their once beloved pets. The photograph, which came to us direct from Japan, shows one of them about to offer flowers before the grave of her lamented dogs.

delight in snatching babies from mother dugongs' breasts. I once saw a most inspiring example of the devotion of a mother dugong for her child. When attacked by a tiger shark the mother pushed her baby behind her and sheltered it with her massive body. Thus balked of its choice prey, the shark in its anger attacked the mother. The monster's teeth did terrible work, but the dugong, beating her flippers and keeping her baby behind her all the while, moved toward the shallow water. It was a cunning move, for soon she had the shark floundering helplessly in less than two feet of water. Then we were able to act, and a bullet put an end to the shark. As the mother dugong reached the safety of the shallows she collapsed in a torn, bloody mass and died. Her baby nosed her lifeless body for a few minutes, and then, as if guided by some mighty unseen hand, it clumsily made its way to where a small group of dugongs were feeding nearly a quarter of a mile away. Here the orphan was immediately adopted by another mother.

Reynard of Skull Island

EWART YOUNG

LABRADOR trappers say that though they take fair numbers of wild foxes in traps during the furring seasons, they very rarely see a live member of the cunning tribe.

An interesting fox story is told by a party of surveyors who were camped on Skull Island, Northern Labrador, recently. A young cross-breed fox, who seemed to be the only one on the island, made his presence

known to them soon after their arrival by pillaging the camp garbage pail at night.

The surveyors thought they would lay a trap to take Reynard alive. So one evening they placed an odorous treat in the bottom of the pail and attached a wire noose at the top. Then they lay low to await developments. A stout line had been attached to the noose and brought into the tent through a hole in the end.

The men did not have to wait long for their expected visitor. It was not a very dark night and they could see the little animal cautiously approaching the back of the tent where the garbage pail had been placed. Sniffing all around it carefully, Reynard seemed to be aware that something was amiss. And then he did just what they hadn't expected; he poked his nose under the wire noose, on the outside, and tossed it aside with a quick jerk of his head. The two men inside the tent, watching the proceedings through the hole in the canvas, nudged each other and had the grace to remain perfectly still until the cunning animal had finished his meal and departed.

After that Reynard of Skull Island was left entirely alone, and he had many a good feast out of the refuse tin. Several times he showed himself in broad daylight, but he always kept a safe distance.

If Governor Landon of Kansas should become the next President, he will bring to the White House the westerner's love for horses, says a writer in the *Christian Science Monitor*. He likes to ride a good mount, and is ably seconded in that respect by the other members of the family.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Sixty-four new Bands of Mercy were reported during August. Of these there were 63 in Illinois and one in South Carolina.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 218,149.

Prying into Bird Secrets

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

MANY birds are not so secretive at nesting-time as they try to be. Yet, if they unwittingly tell too much by their actions, this is even more reason why we should not take advantage of their indiscretions. True, some of the ground sparrows and the meadowlark will scoot along in the grass or weeds for a few yards before rising, thus deluding the intruder. The killdeer, on the other hand, rushes from afar to meet him. It may even fly into his face or drag its wings on the ground, as if crippled, in order to lead him away from its treasure. If he continues nearer, its efforts are redoubled; and, in this way, it actually helps one to locate the very spot it is trying so hard to conceal. But if he goes in the opposite direction it still further discloses its ruse by losing interest and moving off.

The ruffed grouse adopts similar tactics in its woodland home. But its nest, instead of being a spot in the open field perhaps bordered only with stones, is partly concealed under a log or brush pile; though the 7 to 14 buff colored eggs are less protected by coloration than the four of the killdeer, they are so thickly mottled with reddish brown that they are almost the color of the ground on which they rest.

The robin can well afford to be quite fearless since its nest is usually placed out of reach from the ground. Watching the birds for a short time as they fly back and forth in gathering material for their building, or in feeding their young, will reveal the nest's location. The wren, too, seems to mind it little if folks are watching its domestic affairs. Yet we have known one to spitefully tear out every bit of its nest because one woman "peeked," though she was sure that in carefully lifting the cover of the box in which this nest was placed she had not disturbed a single stick.

The oriole and scarlet tanager choose elevated locations, so we may encourage the little folks in watching them all they wish. The cuckoo is a bush lover and so touchy that we have known her to forsake her nest after part of the eggs were laid, when she thought human curiosity too great. Taking

a single egg from the nest of any bird does not necessarily mean just the destruction of one birdling. It may mean a desertion of a nestful of eggs, even when they are almost ready to hatch. So, encourage the wee folks in locating tree-top nests, but be chary of encouraging an intimacy which may in any way interfere with the welfare of the winged folks. Count the number of tidbits offered to the baby robin every hour, but allow the ground birds to attend to their nursery duties unhindered.

Miracle in the Desert

BRUCE JENNINGS

IF you have ever visited the West in the summertime, you have certainly crossed some of its vast areas of alkali flats. As your car has sped by, you have perhaps pondered the utter waste of these thousands of barren acres and wondered if some day man would not find some use for them.

Only a few years ago there was just such a desolate waste in Box Elder County, Utah. For miles it stretched into the west, thousands upon thousands of acres of gray dust with a green strip down their center where the Bear River gradually faded away into the desert. Lizards played among the stunted greasewood on summer afternoons and crows sometimes soared by overhead; but if other life ventured into these wastes it did not long survive.

In 1928, by a special act of Congress, this area became the Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge. There was loud laughter among the scoffers thereabouts, as there is for so many of the Government's enterprises, when it was announced that these desert acres would be made into a sanctuary for species of wild life which were rapidly becoming extinct. The knowing could find many reasons for insisting that the project would be a failure, but it is probable that they were not greatly concerned with the approaching extinction of our migratory waterfowl.

If evil counsel had prevailed the desert must have remained a desert, but there were those who saw that it might one day be brought to bloom like a rose. They persisted in their vision, and today, only six years after the first dike was begun, they are able to see their dream a present reality.

If you should visit the Bear River Mi-

gratory Bird Refuge today, you would not be inclined to believe anyone who would tell you that this, six years ago, was a desert. A series of fresh water lakes and ponds, some 50,000 acres in extent, cover the barren alkali flats of yesterday. Thousands of acres which were six years ago as bare of vegetation as a city street are now luxuriant meadows. In the ponds grow submerged aquatic plants in rich profusion. This plant growth furnishes food, cover, and desirable nesting sites for the waterfowl visitors to the sanctuary.

The little gray lizards have vanished from their former haunts and in their stead are millions of migratory birds that congregate here to partake of the bounty provided for them. If they have become afflicted with disease, they receive treatment; if they have been injured or wounded, they are cared for and furnished with food. Safe from most of their natural enemies, they can build their nests and rear their young in surroundings almost perfectly adapted for their purpose. The hand of man, that once dealt nothing but destruction to these birds, is now extended in a spirit of helpfulness.

It is evident that the birds have learned to recognize and appreciate this change in attitude, for they have lost much of their natural timidity and pursue their habits of life undisturbed by the many visitors to the sanctuary. Avocets and stilts, Caspian terns, sea gulls, ducks, geese and other water fowl gather here in countless numbers. Through all the land, it would seem, the glad news has gone forth that man is now their friend and will deal kindly with them. To those who visit the refuge,—this miracle that has been wrought in the desert—must come the realization that in the accomplishment of such enterprises man most ennobles himself.

"Cruelty, like curses, comes home to roost; the worst effect of it is the inevitable deterioration of the offender."

"I've ruined trap lines by stealing traps and casting them to the bottom of the river hole. I think no civilized woman would want to wear furs again if once she saw an animal tortured in a steel trap. But lots of women aren't civilized."

JUDY VAN DER VEER, in "The River Pasture"



Photograph by courtesy of *Ayrshire Digest*
MEMBERS OF THE BRANDON, VERMONT, AYRSHIRE 4-H CALF CLUB,
WITH THE HEIFERS WHICH THEY PURCHASED



The Little Paths

ALFRED I. TOOKE

*It's the little paths intrigue me when I wander in the dell;
The narrow, winding, grassy paths—for you can never tell
When some furred or feathered creature may pop out to say,
"How do!"*

*Or pause to stare, as though to say, "Well, well! And who are
you?"*

*Each turn may hold enchantment, and each twist a new
surprise,
In the peaceful little pathways where God's unsoiled beauty
lies.*

*There are little open spaces where the happy sunbeams dance
On a flower-bejewelled carpet; or you listen in a trance
To the soul-enthraling gladness of the wood-thrush as it sings
In the little winding pathways that such thrilling magic
brings.*

*And if you stop to listen, there are murmurs all around.
A sparrow chirps a note of thanks for something he has found,
The busy bees are telling of the honey they have stored,
A chipmunk chatters proudly of his deftly-garnered hoard,
And from somewhere just above you comes the cooing of a
dove. . . .*

*It's the little paths intrigue me, it's the little paths I love,
And I always have a feeling that God's benediction fell
On those little paths I follow when I wander through the dell.*

How "Tippie" Warned of Danger

ELDA SPRUNGER

TIPPIE" was a collie. The neighbors were saying unkind things about him.

"You ought to chloroform him. He hasn't anything more to live for."

"I wonder if the Browns aren't going to get rid of that old dog pretty soon."

It appeared as if all odds were against Tippie. But what had he done to deserve such cruel fate? Nothing. To those who knew and understood him, he was a good old collie. Just because he had lived twelve years in this world was no good reason for the neighbors' unkind attitude.

Tippie and his master were in the cellar. It was "bath day." The water was ready in the tub.

"All right, Tippie, jump in," ordered Tom.

Tippie whined and acted strangely. He drew back and sniffed.

Tom couldn't understand. The dog always took well to the suds before.

"What's the matter with you?" said Tom, becoming a little impatient. He took hold of Tippie's shaggy hair and tried to lift him into the tub.

Up went Tippie's nose toward the ceiling. He just sniffed and wiggled his body excitedly.

Tom began to smell something and sniffed. His head began to feel light and his legs to weaken. Then Tippie barked furiously. He left his master and raced up the cellar steps

and pawed hard against the kitchen door.

Susan, Tom's wife, heard Tippie's call, and hurried to open the door.

"Tippie, Tippie, what's the matter with you?" But she didn't wonder long. The gas heater was filling the cellar with dangerous fumes.

She rushed down the steps and turned off the jet. Through the choking fumes she managed to help Tom up the steps to the kitchen where he collapsed. She called the Life Saving Squad.

After a short time Tom was breathing naturally again. One of the husky life savers said to Tom, "Say that's some dog you have there. If it hadn't been for him, you'd been done for."

"Yes," said Susan, her face beaming, "Tippie's the best dog we ever had. And do you know, the neighbors think we ought to do away with him."

"Oh, no," said Tom, "not yet. Tippie can live as long as he wants to. The best is none too good for him now."

Answers to "The Hidden Animals" in last month's puzzle: Beaver, buffalo, panther, bison, stoat, lamb, weasel, marten, ferret.



"LASSIE," THE SETTER, AND "DODO," THE BLUE JAY

These pets of Miss Constance Bigelow of Springfield, Mass., eat from the same bowl of bread and milk held by their young mistress.

Journey's End

MINA M. TITUS

*Does open range, so wide and free,
Where meadow grass is sweet,
In vision come to hungering things
That ride on aching feet?*

*Each jammed against his neighbor as
The freight trains jolt and sway;
No food, no drink, no rest—what air!
Of light there's not a ray.*

*The long hours drag to thirty-six;
In vain they call and call;
The strong ones stand with numb feet
braced;
The weak ones reel, then fall.*

*The handlers come with raucous shouts
And through an open door
With goads and haste they drive them out
Into the stock-yard's roar.*

*Their nostrils quiver at fresh air,
They blink at sudden light
As starving, thirsting, stiff and sore,
They move in helpless fright.*

*The open range, so wide and free,
Where meadow grasses bend,
I hope in vision comes to cheer
Them, reaching Journey's End.*

Society Has Its Best Year

At the annual meeting of the Susquehanna County Humane Society, held in Montrose, Pa., in August, President John P. Lyons stated that the past year "had doubtless shown greater advancement than in any of the sixteen years of the Society's life. More animals have been received at the shelter and more cases investigated. "The membership is larger than ever before. Many schools were visited and a large number of people added to the list of junior members.

A feature of this meeting was a stirring address by F. R. Cope, Jr., on the value of wild life and the necessity of preserving it, in which he said: "The time has come for all of us, and especially for those professing an interest in humanitarian work, to give—not less attention to the protection of our children and our domestic animals and pets,—but a great deal more time to safeguarding our valuable and interesting wild life."

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

People Differ in Hobbies

Editorial in Palo Alto Times

AN animal lover, who prefers to remain anonymous, has contributed \$5,000 toward a new municipal animal shelter for Palo Alto, and the city has matched the sum to make possible the erection of a \$10,000 structure to serve the uses of the impounded members of the dumb creation.

This will cause many persons to remark that the money should have been devoted to building a children's home instead, just as the sight of any well cared for dog always prompts some people to say, "They should be lavishing that affection on some child instead."

But if that line of thought were carried to its logical conclusion, the cats, dogs, ponies and other pets that play such an important part in many a family and that add pleasure and interest to many children's lives would be driven to extinction.

The criticism that people who are lavishing a normal affection on some pet should be devoting it to some child instead, is not valid. Many a person who is in position to care for a pet animal could not undertake the raising of a child on the same time and money. The two responsibilities are far from equal.

Moreover, there is plenty in the world for the children and the animals too. The hobbies of some people cause them to endow orphanages and finance the worthy activities of children's home finding societies. The hobbies of others make it possible for comparable arrangements to be made for the dumb animals. It is well that not all people are alike in their inclinations and their charitable impulses. Because people are dissimilar in their hobbies, both orphaned children and animal waifs have cause for gratitude.

A Wonderful Report

We are in receipt of the hundred and twelfth annual report (for the year 1935) of the Royal S. P. C. A., London, England. It is a momentous work of the kind, embracing 256 pages of text, exclusive of those devoted to advertising. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of His Late Majesty King George V, mounted on his favorite horse. The King was the principal patron of the Society during his reign. Among several other illustrations is one of the Society's lorry, gaily decorated, bearing this significant legend: "R. S. P. C. A. Guard-

ians of the Nation's Animals."

The organization has many branches and auxiliaries throughout England and Wales, with approximately 9,000 members. About 300 groups of Bands of Mercy were formed during the year, and 25,000 badges and 44,000 membership cards sent out from headquarters. We are especially pleased to note the advertisement on the back cover of the report, which reads in part: "Join the British Jack London Club in connection with the R. S. P. C. A. and so help to stop the cruelties involved in training animals to perform at public entertainments. No entrance fee. No subscription." We heartily congratulate this great mother Society of us all upon the year's accomplishments, of which we can give scarcely a hint in this brief notice.

Our Taunton Branch

An excellent report comes to us from the work of the past year by our Taunton Branch, of which Mrs. Howard F. Woodward is president. The Branch now has a total membership of 61. Twelve regular meetings were held, and the president reports that homes were found for 55 dogs and four cats. Sixty-eight dogs, two cats, two rabbits, and one calf were returned to their respective owners. It was necessary to put humanely to sleep 191 dogs, 348 cats, five birds and two horses during the year, as these unfortunate animals were not in such condition that homes could be found for them.

The total receipts were \$1,312.36; the total expenditures, \$1,218.19, leaving a balance, July 1, 1936, of \$94.17.

*And out of war and after all,
What is it people get?
Just widows, wounds and wooden legs—
And lots and lots of debt.
Old Rhyme*

THIS SPACE
CONTRIBUTED

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN
THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
		Children's	\$0.75

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